

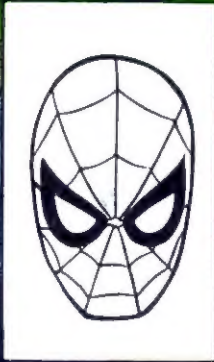
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DOCTOR STRANGE



STAN LEE PRESENTS DOCTOR STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS...

ALONE!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO, CLEA--THE SILVER-HAIRED SORCERESS FROM THE DARK DIMENSION--LEFT DOCTOR STRANGE.

FOR OVER A YEAR, SHE HAD BEEN HIS DISCIPLE IN MYSTIC ARTS OF MAGIC. FOR LONGER STILL, SHE HAD BEEN THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO, CLEA BROKE THE HEART OF DOCTOR STRANGE...

...AND SHE DID IT IN THE NAME OF LOVE.

(5) STERN & DEMATTEIS
SCRIPT (17)

(5) SMITH & ANDERSON

(5) PENCILERS (17)

AUSTIN & RUBINSTEIN

INKERS

NOVAK & ROSEN MILGROM & SHAREN

LETTERS COLORISTS

MILGROM & SHOOTER

EDITORS

PERHAPS I AM TO BLAME. PERHAPS I SHOULD NEVER HAVE MADE CLEA MY DISCIPLE.

THE DUALITY OF OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS ALWAYS AN IMPEDIMENT TO OUR LOVE.

PERHAPS...IF I HAD NOT BEEN THE MASTER, AND SHE THE DISCIPLE...WE MIGHT STILL BE LOVERS.

IT'S STILL SO HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT SHE'S GONE...THAT SHE'S LEFT ME FOR GOOD.

I KEEP GOING OVER HER LAST WORDS, HOPING FOR SOME WORD...SOME CLUE THAT IT'S ALL A SHAM...

MY LOVE IS NOT WORTHY OF YOURS, STEPHEN. I HAVE SEEN THE LOVE WHICH SHOULD BE YOURS... AND I CANNOT DENY IT TO YOU.

TO DO SO WOULD MEAN THAT I NEVER LOVED YOU AT ALL. SO, I'M LEAVING... GOING HOME TO THE DARK DIMENSION.

WITH A GESTURE AND A WHISPERED PHRASE, DR. STRANGE CONJURES UP HIS LAST SIGHT OF THE LOST LOVER...

I'M NOT OF THIS WORLD, STEPHEN. I BELONG ELSEWHERE. YOUR PLACE IS ON THIS WORLD... WITH MORGANA. GO TO HER!

NO. THERE IS NO MISTAKING HER INTENT.

SHE WAS SERIOUS WHEN SHE EARLIER TOLD ME THAT SHE'D SENSED A LOVE FOR ME IN MORGANA'S BLESSING...

...A LOVE SHE FELT WAS GREATER THAN HER OWN. PERHAPS THAT IS SO, FOR I RECENTLY MET A PAST INCARNATION OF MORGANA'S ON A TRIP THROUGH TIME--

-- AND IT'S CLEAR THAT MORGANA'S LOVE FOR ME DOES, ON SOME SUBCONSCIOUS LEVEL, LITERALLY SPAN SEVERAL MILLENNIA! MORGANA IS A DELIGHTFUL WOMAN...

...BUT I HARDLY KNOW HER. IT'S CLEA WHOM I LOVE!

CLEA WAS THE FIRST WOMAN I'D DARED LOVE SINCE ASSUMING THE MANTLE OF MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS. WE HAD SUCH HAPPY TIMES TOGETHER. I STILL RECALL THAT DAY...



"...WAS IT JUST LAST SPRING? YES, SUCH A WONDERFUL, BALMY DAY! WE WERE WALKING THROUGH WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK..."

OH, STEPHEN, AT TIMES SUCH AS THIS, IT ACTUALLY FEELS GOOD TO WALK AMONGST THESE PEOPLE. I ALMOST FEEL AS IF I WERE TRULY ONE OF THEM!

HAH! I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, CLEA. A SINGLE, BEAUTIFUL DAY CAN WASH THE CARES OF SORCERY FROM THE SOUL.



IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN BELIEVE THAT THERE ARE NO WEIRDING FORCES LURKING JUST BEYOND THE VEIL OF THIS WORLD.

"WE WERE BOTH FOOLING OURSELVES, OF COURSE. FOR ALL THAT SHE LOOKED LIKE A NORMAL, HAPPY WOMAN, CLEA WAS AN ALIEN, DWELLING IN A STRANGE WORLD."

"SUCH MOMENTS WERE RARE FOR US. RARER STILL WAS THE HONEYED LAUGHTER WE SHARED.



"FOR A FEW SUNLIT MINUTES, WE FORGOT THAT WE WERE MASTER AND DISCIPLE--



"--AND AGAIN BECAME LOVERS.

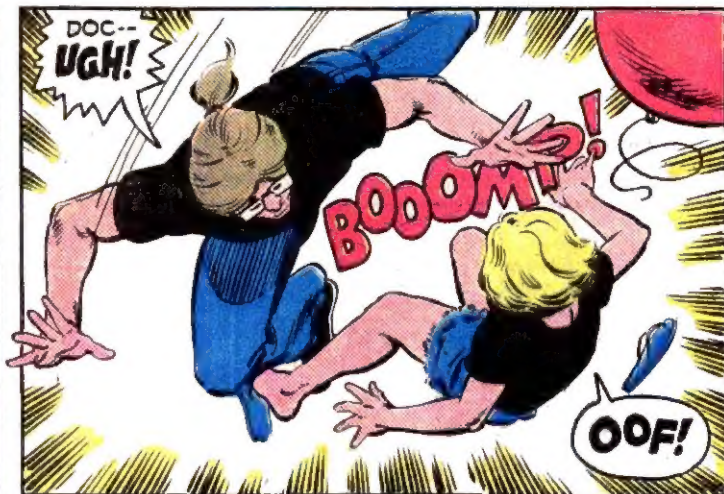
"WE FOUND PEACE IN EACH OTHER'S TOUCH, AND INEFFABLE DELIGHT IN THE ANTICS OF A GOLDEN-HAired CHILD.

"BUT PEACE AND DELIGHT ARE ALWAYS AS FRAGILE AS GLASS..."

"Y-Y-YOU, THERE...!"



HEY, WATCH ME, MISTER! I'M PETER PAN!



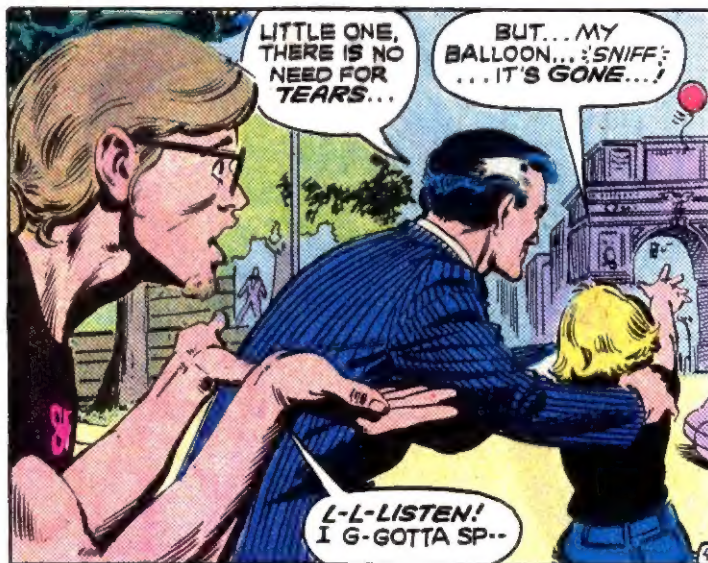
DOC--
UGH!

BOOM!

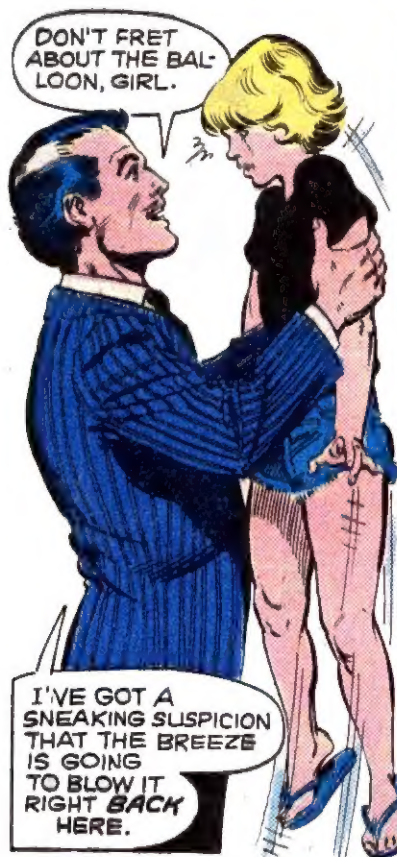
OOF!

LITTLE ONE, THERE IS NO NEED FOR TEARS...

BUT... MY BALLOON... SNIFF... IT'S GONE...!



L-L-LISTEN! I G-GOTTA SP--



DARKNESS...

...LIGHT...

...REALITY...

DR. STRANGE!
OUR YOUNG FRIEND
IS **AWAKE!**

SO I SEE, WONG.
NOW PERHAPS WE
WILL LEARN OF THE
REASONS BEHIND
HIS ODD
COLLAPSE...

WHO IS THIS
HE YOU REFER
TO? AND, MORE
IMPORTANT THAN
THAT, HOW IS IT
YOU **KNOW** OF
ME? BE HONEST,
LAD...

HE...TRIED
TO STOP ME.
HE DISTORTED
MY VISION...
MY SPEECH...

NO! NO!
HE'S SENT
MORE OF HIS
DEMONS!

... I
WILL
BROOK
NOTHING
LESS.

I'VE STUDIED THE
MYSTIC ARTS FOR YEARS.
THE NAME OF DOCTOR
STRANGE IS **LEGEND**
AMONG THE GREAT
SEERS. Y--

A LOW ORDER
OF DEMON FROM
AN **INSIGNIFICANT**
ASTRAL PLANE.
THE EYE OF
AGAMOTTO WILL
DISPERSE
THEM.

HAVE NO
FEAR. NOW
SPEAK TO ME.
TELL ME WHY
YOU SOUGHT
ME OUT.



NO SOONER DO THE DEMON-FORMS FADE THAN A MYSTIC CLAMP MATERIALIZES OVER THE TERRIFIED YOUTH'S MOUTH. CLEARLY, SOMEONE DOES NOT WANT THIS TALE TOLD.



BUT DOCTOR STRANGE REMAINS UNPERTURBED.



... AND ONCE MORE SUMMONS THE EERIE ORB ASTRIDE HIS CHEST TO GLITTERING LIFE, AN UNDULATING TENDRIL OF WHITE LIGHT, IT GLOWS AND HOVERS, FINALLY COMING TO REST UPON THE MAGICIAN'S BROW.

ITS GAZE PIERCES THE UNYIELDING CLAMP, BRINGING FORTH SOUND WITHOUT SPEECH...

"MY NAME IS TIM ALPERT. LIKE A LOT OF PEOPLE, I TURNED TO MYSTICISM IN HOPES OF FINDING SOMETHING TO SPARK AN OTHERWISE EMPTY LIFE.

"I MUST HAVE READ EVERY POPULAR BOOK-- INVESTIGATED EVERY SPIRITUAL FAD-- BOWED AT THE FEET OF EVERY SELF-PROCLAIMED GURU YOU COULD NAME. I LEARNED SOME NIFTY TRICKS -- MEDITATION, LEVITATION-- BUT NOTHING TO FILL THE VOID IN MY GUT.

"THEN I READ A TRACT BY R.B. WALLACE THAT SAID SALVATION IN A WORLD AS DEBASED AS OURS IS ONLY POSSIBLE IF YOU TAP INTO THE PREVAILING FORCES OF CORRUPTION. I'VE BEEN DEBASED LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT MADE SENSE.

"SO I SPENT THE NEXT SIX MONTHS TRYING TO TRACK WALLACE DOWN... AND WHEN WE FINALLY MET-- SOMETHING SNAPPED INSIDE ME. I KNEW I HAD TO BE HIS DISCIPLE.

LE

"BUT IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE MY NEW-FOUND MASTER STARTED USING ME, AND ALL HIS DISCIPLES, IN WEIRD *RITES* THAT BEGAN TO SIPHON OFF OUR PERSONALITIES -- EAT AWAY AT OUR VERY *EGOS*!"



"WELL, I CERTAINLY *DISLIKE* MYSELF -- BUT NOT ENOUGH TO OPT FOR BEING A TOTAL *NON-ENTITY*!"

"I TOOK OFF -- BUT WALLACE SENT THE OTHERS AFTER ME!"



"I HAD TO USE EVERY SPELL I'D LEARNED IN ORDER TO GET OUT WITH A WHOLE SKIN!"

PLEASE, DOCTOR STRANGE... USE YOUR POWER... SAVE ME... BEFORE I CEASE TO EXIST!



I HAVE WATCHED WITH EVER-MOUNTING DISGUST AS MORE AND MORE CHARLATANS SEEK TO ABUSE THE SACRED WAY OF MYSTICISM...



...DURING THE CURIOUS AND THE DESPERATE WITH ELEMENTARY PARLOR TRICKS!

SO RELAX, MY FRIEND, AND ALLOW MY *ASTRAL FORM* TO BREACH THE WALL OF YOUR BEING. FOR, AS SURELY AS I AM *MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS*...



...THIS IS AN ARCANUM THAT CERTAINLY BEARS...

...CLOSER INVESTIGATION!

NOW.

BEATLES 4 EVER

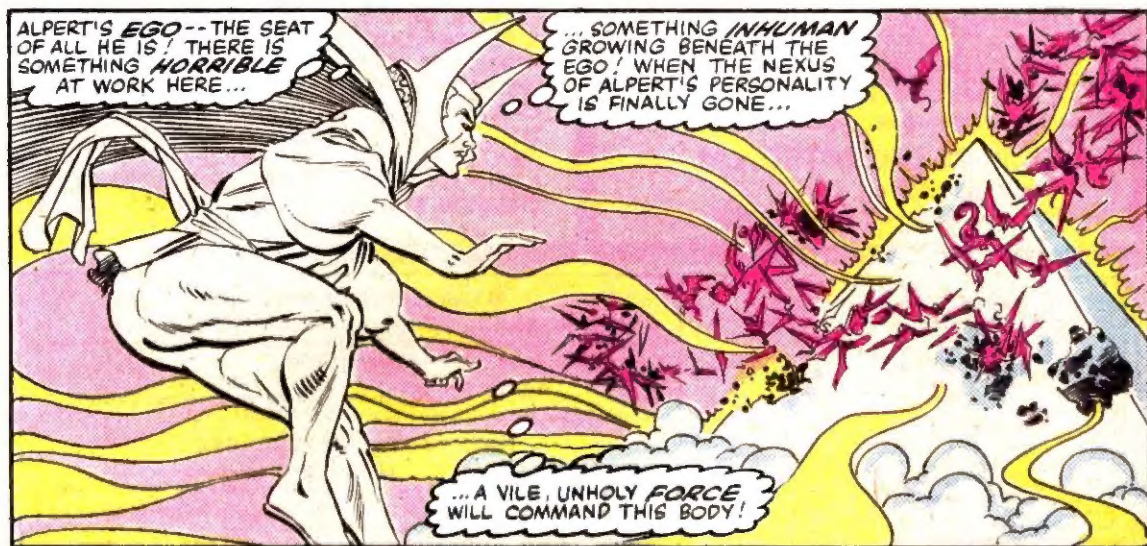


SMALLER THAN A THOUGHT, DOCTOR STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM ENTERS TIM ALPERT'S BRAIN, BREAKING THROUGH TO THE ENIGMATIC REALM OF PURE MIND...

HE DRIFTS CAREFULLY PAST GELATINOUS WALLS OF MENTAL DEFENSES THAT QUIVER LIKE TERRIFIED SNAKES...



...AND THEN QUIVERS HIMSELF AS HIS EYES BEHOLD A SIGHT THAT FILLS EVEN HIS SPIRIT WITH THE MOST BASIC, CHILD-LIKE AWE...



ALPERT'S EGO--THE SEAT OF ALL HE IS! THERE IS SOMETHING HORRIBLE AT WORK HERE...

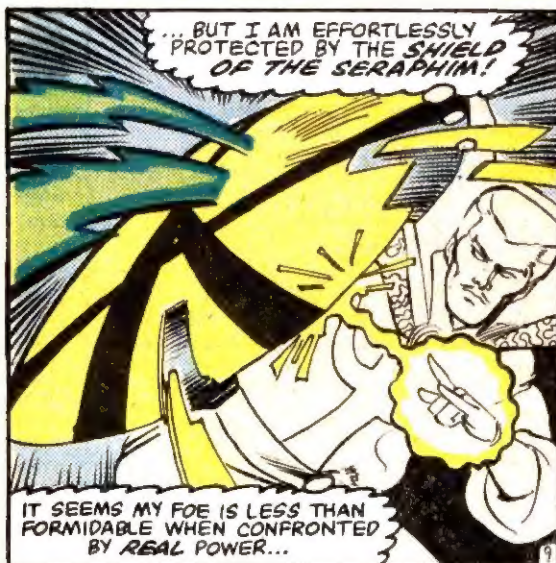
...SOMETHING *INHUMAN* GROWING BENEATH THE EGO! WHEN THE NEXUS OF ALPERT'S PERSONALITY IS FINALLY GONE...

...A VILE, UNHOLY FORCE WILL COMMAND THIS BODY!



SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND THE EGO, A TERRIFYING SHAPE RISES...

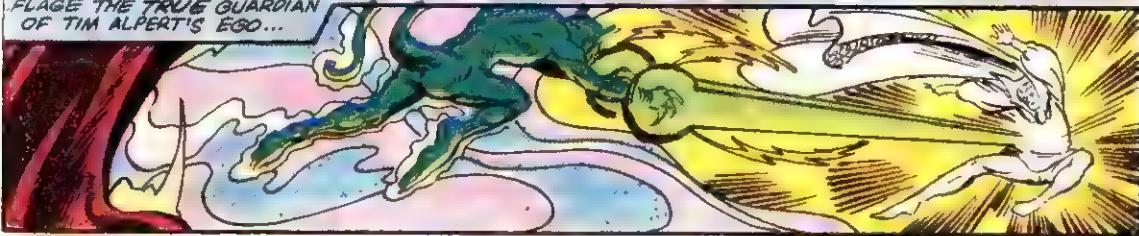
EH? NO DOUBT A GUARDIAN PLACED HERE BY THE DARK MANIPULATOR OF THIS MADNESS-- SENT TO DISPATCH ME WITH BOLTS OF NECROMANTIC ENERGY...



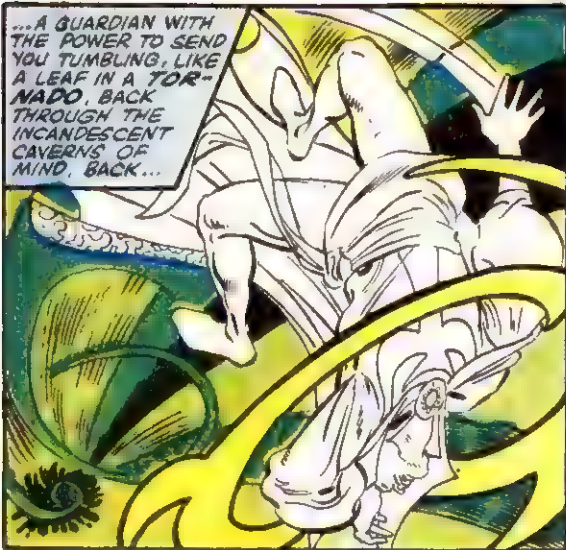
...BUT I AM EFFORTLESSLY PROTECTED BY THE SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM!

IT SEEMS MY FOE IS LESS THAN FORMIDABLE WHEN CONFRONTED BY REAL POWER...

PERHAPS, DOCTOR STRANGE. OR PERHAPS THIS LEATHERN-WINGED GROTESQUE EXISTS SOLELY TO CAMOU-
FLAGE THE TRUE GUARDIAN
OF TIM ALPERT'S EGO...



...A GUARDIAN WITH
THE POWER TO SEND
YOU TUMBLING, LIKE
A LEAF IN A TOR-
NADO, BACK
THROUGH THE
INCANDESCENT
CAVERNS OF
MIND, BACK...



...INTO
MY
BODY?

OMNIPOTENT
OSHTUR! I HAVE
BEEN FORCIBLY
REUNITED WITH
MY PHYSICAL FORM!

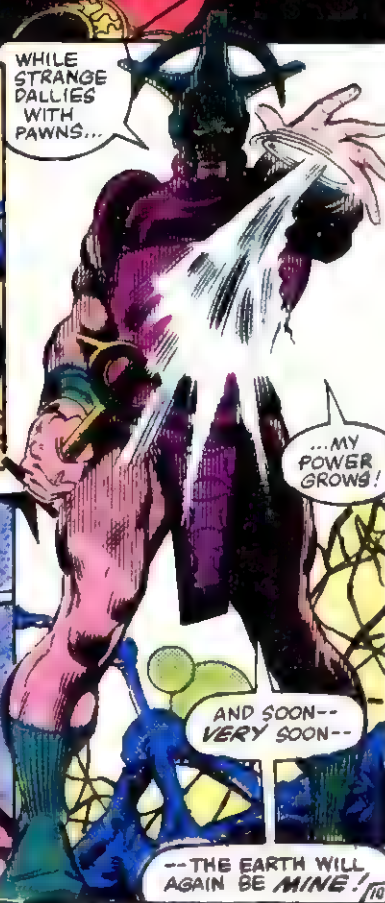


TIM, LET ME CAST A SPELL OF CON-
CEALMENT TO KEEP YOU FROM YOUR
FORMER MASTER'S GAZE...



I MUST
SEEK THIS P.B.
WALLACE AND
CONFRONT HIM...

WHILE
STRANGE
DALLIES
WITH
PAWNS...



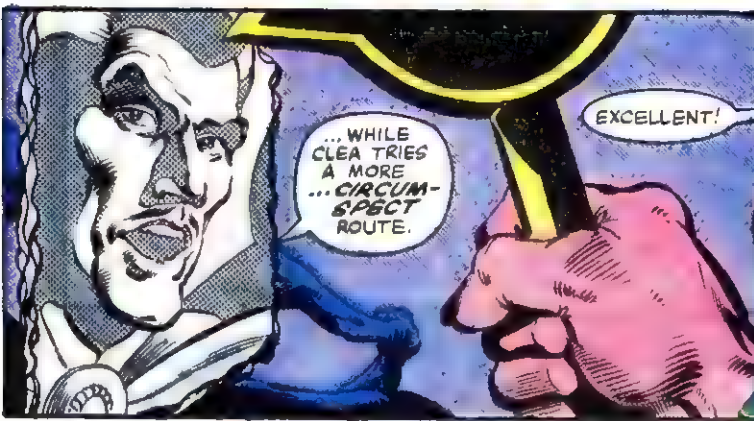
...MY
POWER
GROWS!

EXCELLENT!

...WHILE
CLEA TRIES
A MORE
...CIRCUM-
SPECT
ROUTE.

AND SOON--
VERY SOON--

--THE EARTH WILL
AGAIN BE MINE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

ACCORDING TO TIM WALLACE AND HIS INTIMATE CIRCLE MEET REGULARLY AT A RENOVATED BROWN-STONE THEY CALL ONLY "THE CLUB." I FIND IT MOST DISQUIETING THAT THIS CLUB IS MERE BLOCKS FROM MY SANC--



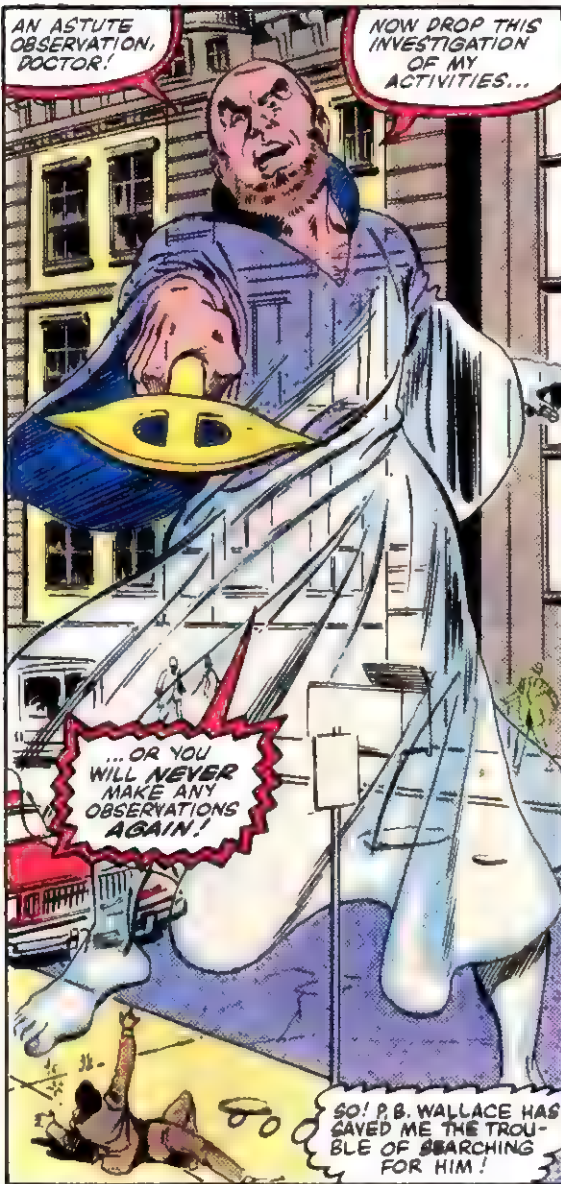
ARGH--!
PAIN... SO
SUDDEN...



... AS IF MY MYSTIC BARRIERS
WERE BEING... BATTERED!

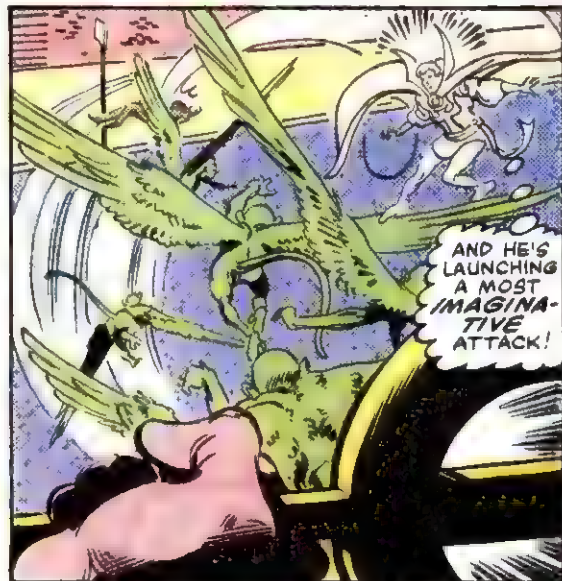
AN ASTUTE
OBSERVATION,
DOCTOR!

NOW DROP THIS
INVESTIGATION
OF MY
ACTIVITIES...

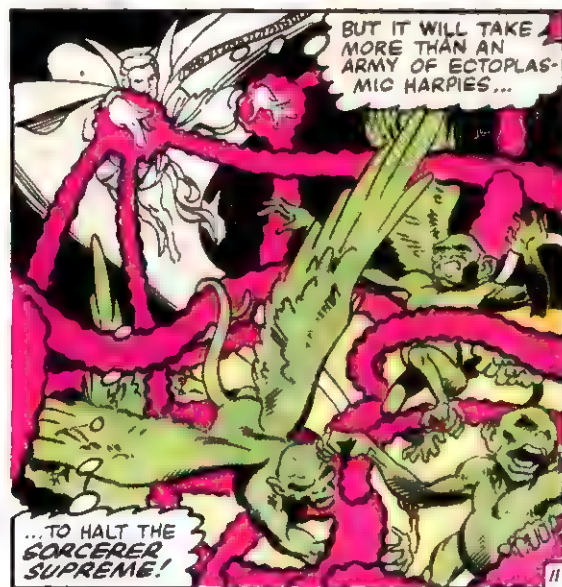


... OR YOU
WILL NEVER
MAKE ANY
OBSERVATIONS
AGAIN!

SO! P.B. WALLACE HAS
SAVED ME THE TROUBLE
OF SEARCHING
FOR HIM!



AND HE'S
LAUNCHING
A MOST
IMAGINA-
TIVE
ATTACK!



BUT IT WILL TAKE
MORE THAN AN
ARMY OF ECTOPLAS-
MIC HARPIES...

... TO HALT THE
SORCERER
SUPREME!

AND WHILE DOCTOR STRANGE'S **ETHEREAL** BODY EFFORTLESSLY SWEEPS ITS BIZARRE FOEMEN AWAY-- HIS **CORPOREAL** FORM IS ATTRACTING UNDUE ATTENTION ON THE STREET BELOW...



...TIM ALPERT--
ARE YOU HERE?

THERE IS SOMETHING
NAGGINGLY FAMILIAR
ABOUT WALLACE'S WAND--
SOMETHING THAT SEEMS
JUST OUT OF MEMORY'S
REACH, PERHAPS FURTHER
CONVERSATIONS WITH TIM
WILL BRING THE MISSING
PIECES TO LI--EH?

...MASTER...?

THE VOICE IS WEAK; THE
TONES PAINED BUT CLEAR!

WONG!

STEPHEN STRANGE HAS FOUND
FEW PEOPLE WORTHY OF HIS
TRUST; FEWER STILL WORTHY
OF HIS FRIENDSHIP. CHIEF
AMONG THESE RARE ONES IS
HIS LOYAL MANSERVANT...

WONG!
ARE YOU--?!

"WITH NO WARNING, HIS FACE GREW FLUSHED, A WICKED
SMILE PLAYED ACROSS HIS LIPS--AND HE BEGAN TO
SCREAM IN A HIDEOUS VOICE..."

HE NEEDS ME! HE NEEDS
ME! HE'S CALLING US ALL
TOGETHER!

...FINE, MASTER--
NO THANKS TO OUR
YOUNG HOUSE GUEST.

KEEP AWAY FROM ME--OR I'LL
BLAST YOU TO ATOMS! MY LORD
IS CALLING ME!

I DEEPLY REGRET THAT I
COULD NOT DETAIN HIM...

LET THE BLAME
FALL UPON MY
SHOULDERS, WONG.
I UNDERESTIMATED
WALLACE'S
POWER.

HE WAS MERELY BAITING ME IN ORDER TO COM-
PLETE HIS USURPATION OF ALPERT'S EGO!

WIPE THAT
FROWN FROM
YOUR FACE,
BELOVED!
BELIEVE ME
--THE BATTLE
IS JUST
BEGINNING!

THEN MY SUGGESTED VISIT
TO OUR OLD FRIEND POLICE
DETECTIVE **BLUMKENN**
WAS AN ADVANTAGEOUS
ONE?

**EXTREMELY
ADVANTAGEOUS.**

**#LAST SEEN
IN DOCTOR
STRANGE #30--AL**

BLUMKENN'S PRECINCT KEEPS
EXTENSIVE FILES ON ALL LOCAL
CULTS. THEY FOUND WALLACE'S
GROUP BELIEVES THAT THE
POSITIVE VALUES HAVE
FAILED--AND ONLY ALLEGIANCE
TO THE FORCES **CRIPPLING**
CIVILIZATION CAN SAVE IT!

ALL HIS
FOLLOWERS ARE
MUCH LIKE TIM--
DABBLERS IN THE
OCCULT--SEEKING
EASY ANSWERS!

APPARENTLY, THOSE
ARE JUST THE KIND
OF DISCIPLES WALLACE
WANTS IN HIS SO-CALLED
CIRCLE OF DECAY.
I--

...DECAY...?! **OF COURSE!**
WHY DIDN'T I SEE
IT BEFORE?

EXCELLENT. THE POLICE HAVE BEEN MOST
THOROUGH--ALTHOUGH I DO NOT KNOW
WHETHER THAT FACT
DELIGHTS OR
APPALLS ME.

CAN YOU
IMAGINE
HOW LARGE
A DOSSIER
THEY HAVE
AMASSED ON
ME?

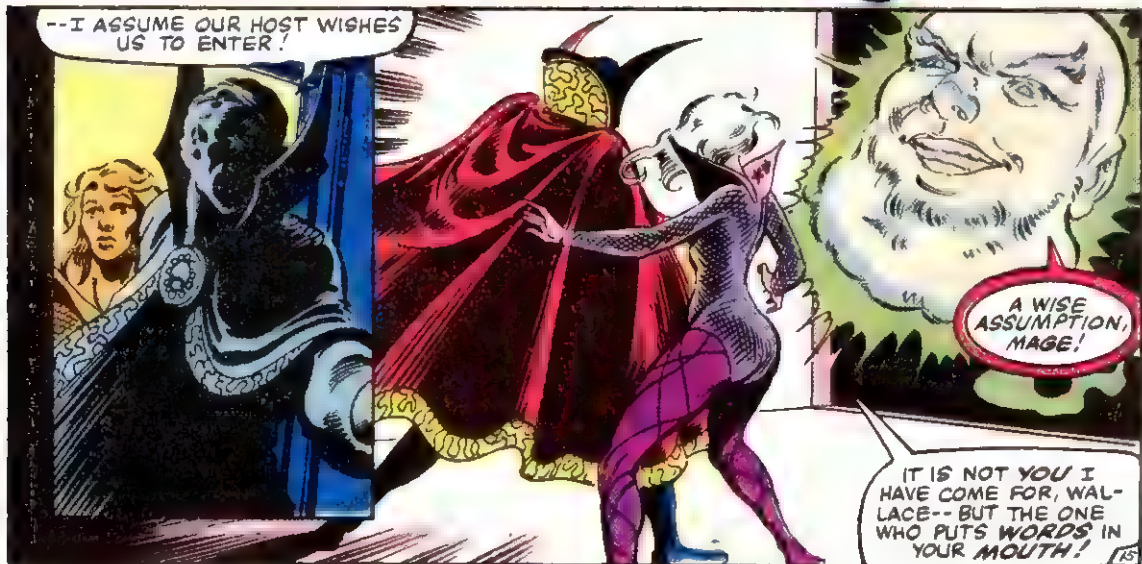
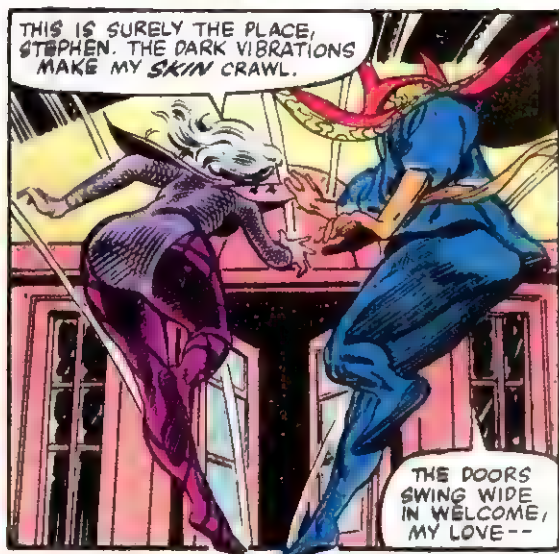
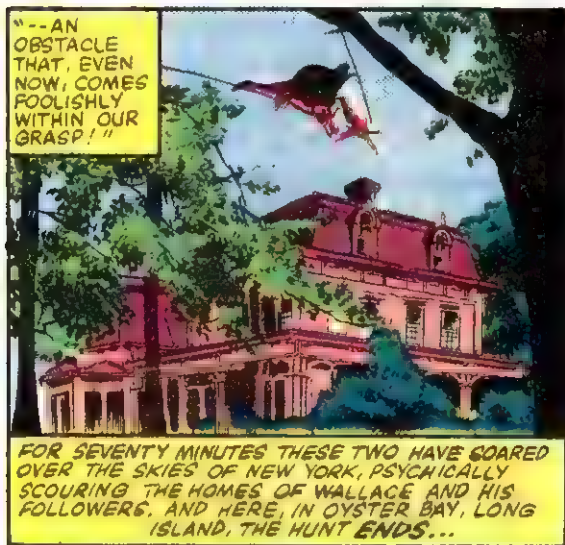
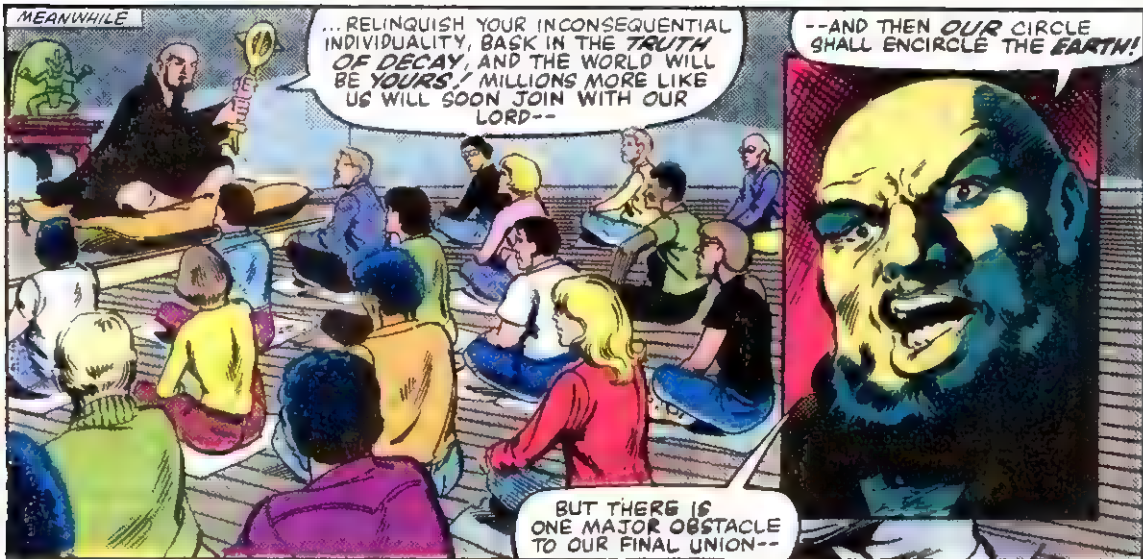
CLEA, DOES
BLUMKENN'S FILE
CONTAIN THE HOME
ADDRESSES OF
WALLACE AND HIS
CHARGES?

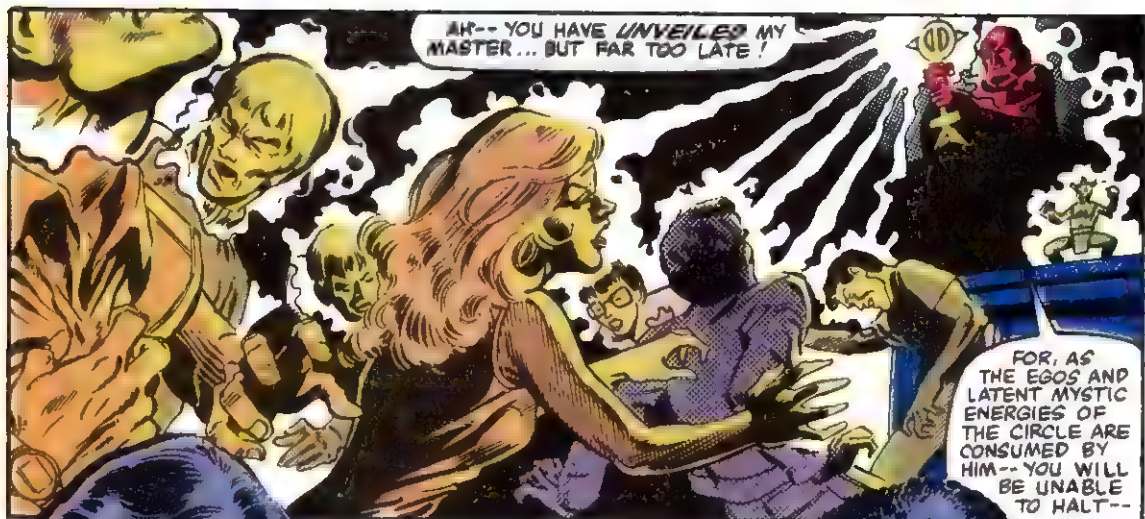
WHY, YES,
STEPHEN--
BUT WHA--

DON'T YOU SEE? THAT VAGUE
MEMORY GNAWING AT THE BACK
OF MY MIND--WALLACE HAVING
THE POWER TO STEAL TIM AWAY
AFTER I'D CLEARLY WEAKENED
HIM!

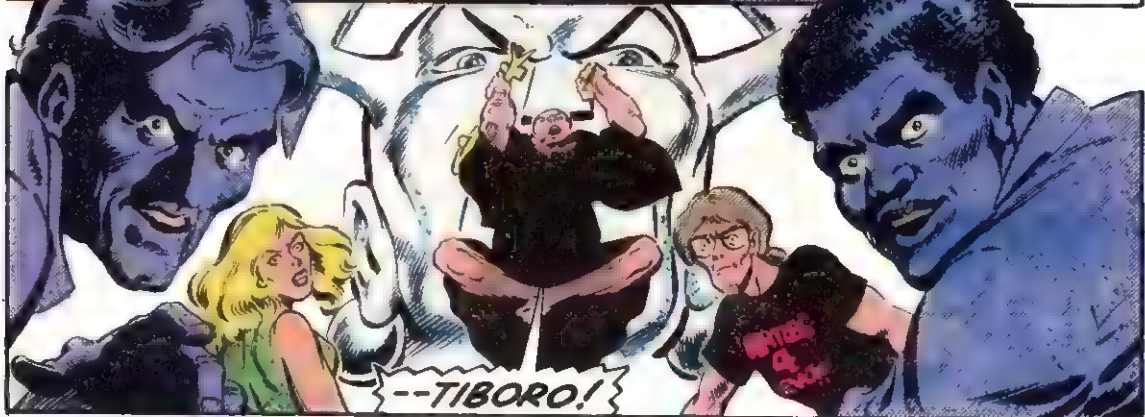
I DON'T
REALLY CARE,
STEPHEN! JUST
TELL ME WHAT'S
GOING ON!

YOUR MENTION OF
"DECAY" PUT EVERYTHING
INTO PERSPECTIVE! OUR
TRUE FOEMAN IS **NOT P.B.
WALLACE AT ALL!**





FOR, AS
THE EGOS AND
LATENT MYSTIC
ENERGIES OF
THE CIRCLE ARE
CONSUMED BY
HIM-- YOU WILL
BE UNABLE
TO HALT--



--TIBORO!



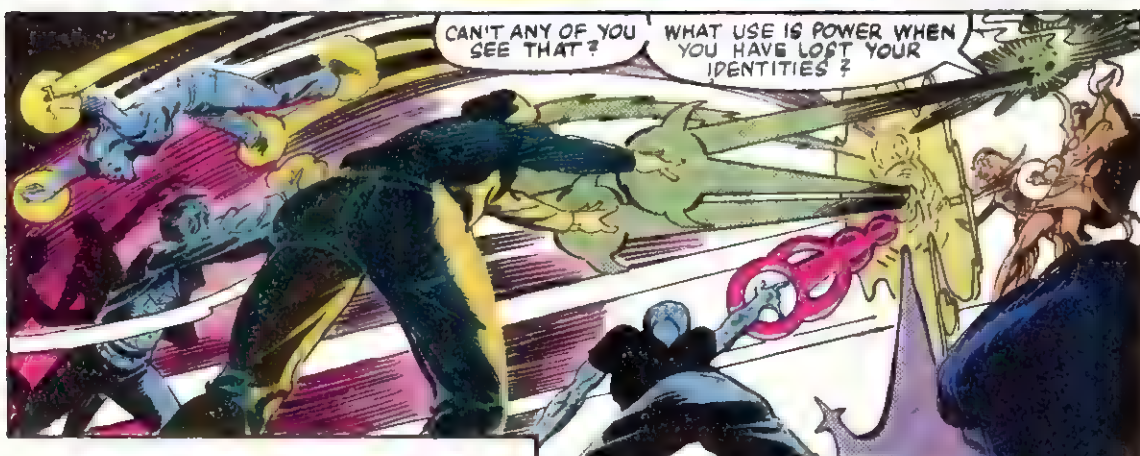
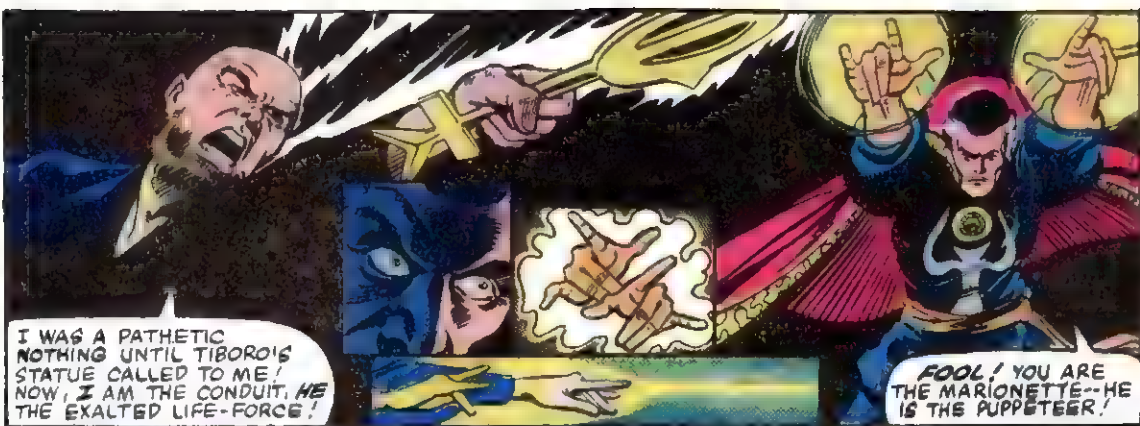
"WHEN FIRST WE MET * HE ATTEMPTED TO GAIN ACCESS TO OUR DIMENSION THROUGH A MYSTIC TOTEM. I BESTED HIM THEN-- BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS LAST, CHILLING WORDS..."

TIBORO! WHO RULED THE EARTH IN A SAVAGE, ANTE-DILUVIAN ERA AND HAS BEEN WAITING FOR A SIMILAR AGE OF DECADENCE SO THAT HE CAN RECAPTURE HIS THRONE!

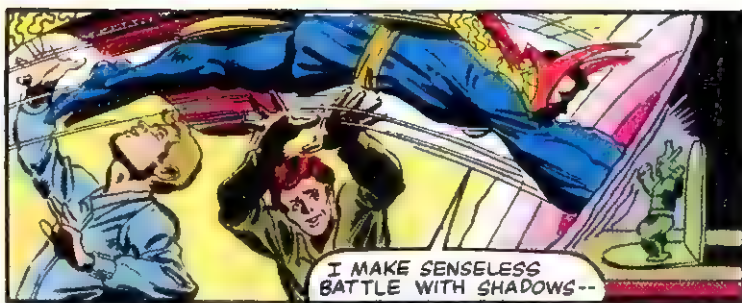
*STRANGE TALES
#129 -- AL.



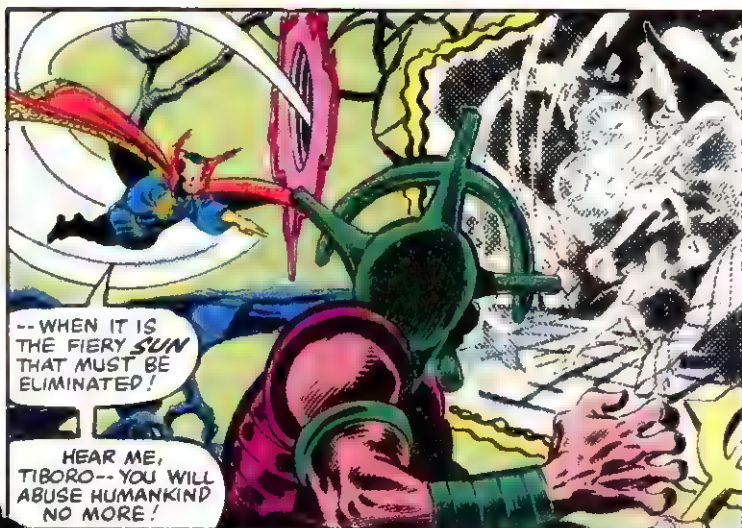
... LET ME DETECT FURTHER DECAY OF EARTH AND I SHALL RETURN! AND NEXT TIME, MY POWER WILL BE GREATER-- I WILL NOT UNDERESTIMATE YOU AGAIN!



...STEPHEN--?!

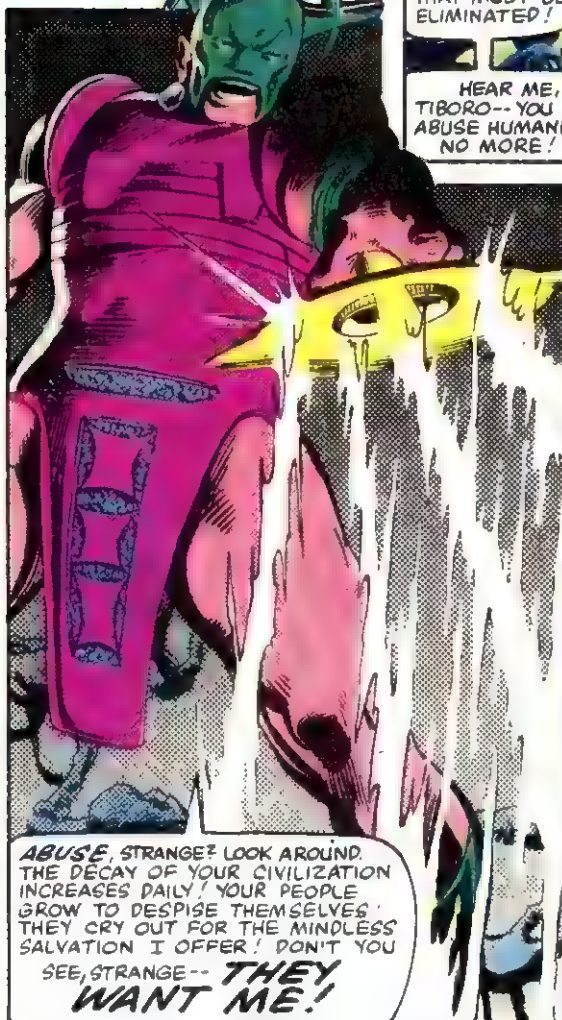


I MAKE SENSELESS
BATTLE WITH SHADOWS--



--WHEN IT IS
THE FIERY *SUN*
THAT MUST BE
ELIMINATED!

HEAR ME,
TIBORO-- YOU WILL
ABUSE HUMANKIND
NO MORE!

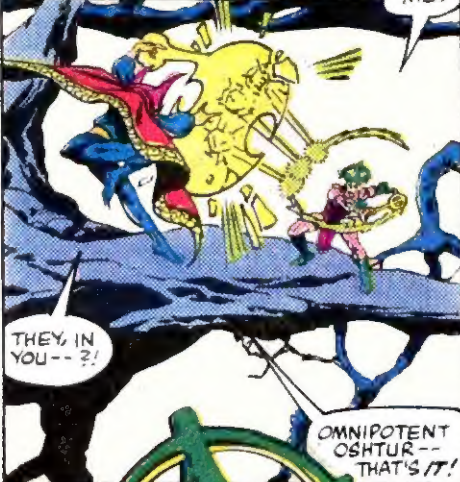


ABUSE, STRANGE? LOOK AROUND
THE DECAY OF YOUR CIVILIZATION
INCREASES DAILY! YOUR PEOPLE
GROW TO DESPISE THEMSELVES!
THEY CRY OUT FOR THE MINDLESS
SALVATION I OFFER! DON'T YOU
SEE, STRANGE-- **THEY
WANT ME!**



**TIBORO IS
SUPREME AGAIN!**

AND THIS TIME YOU CANNOT STOP ME! I HAVE ABSORBED THE MYSTIC POTENTIALITIES DORMANT IN MY DISCIPLES' EGOS! I LIVE IN *THEM*--AND THEY, IN ME!



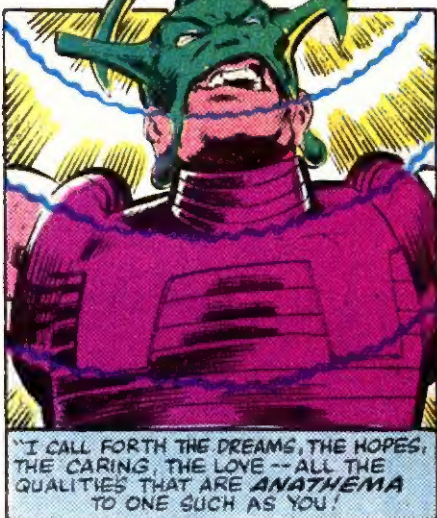
THEY, IN YOU--?

OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR-- THAT'S IT!

TIBORO-- WITHIN *ALL* HUMANS THERE IS A DIVINE FLAME-- A FLAME YOU ABSORBED WHEN YOU CONSUMED THE EGOS OF YOUR CIRCLE!



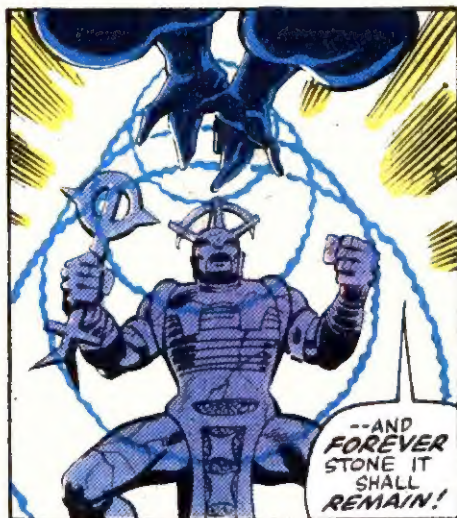
AND, IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING-- ALL-KNOWING-- ALL-PERVADING-- I CALL THAT FLAME *FORTH* IN YOU!



"I CALL FORTH THE DREAMS, THE HOPES, THE CARING, THE LOVE-- ALL THE QUALITIES THAT ARE *ANATHEMA* TO ONE SUCH AS YOU!"

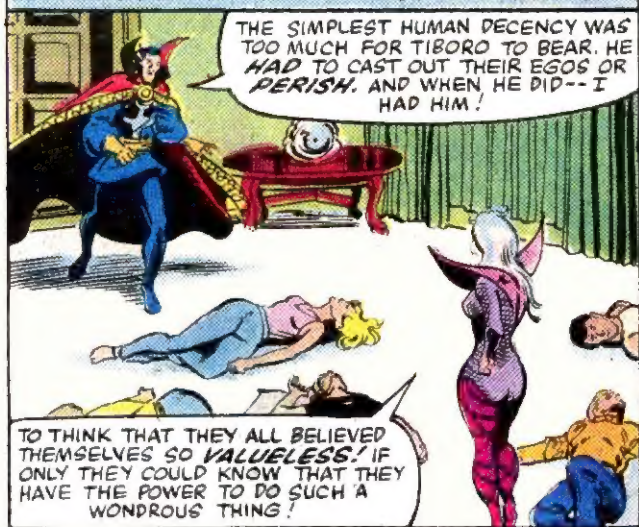


"FOR YOUR HEART IS STONE--"



--AND FOREVER STONE IT SHALL REMAIN!

MINUTES LATER-- AND SHIMMERING DIMENSIONS AWAY...



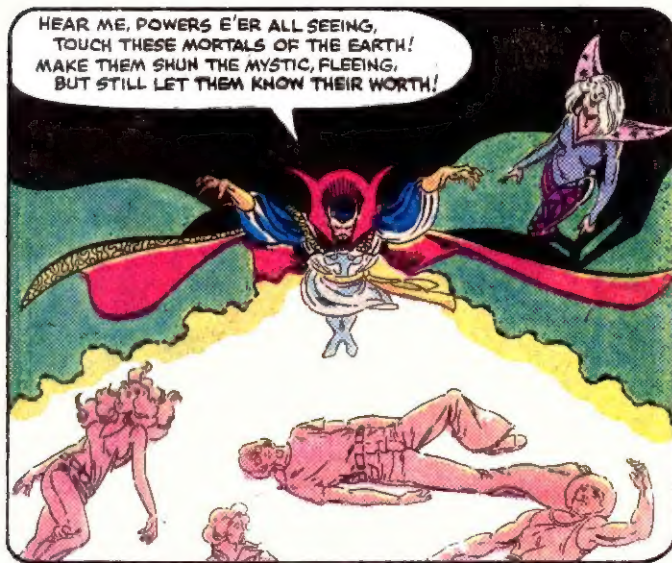
THE SIMPLEST HUMAN DECENCY WAS TOO MUCH FOR TIBORO TO BEAR. HE HAD TO CAST OUT THEIR EGOS OR PERISH. AND WHEN HE DID-- I HAD HIM!

TO THINK THAT THEY ALL BELIEVED THEMSELVES SO *VALUELESS*! IF ONLY THEY COULD KNOW THAT THEY HAVE THE POWER TO DO SUCH A WONDROUS THING!

THEY WILL KNOW, CLEAR-- THAT I SWEAR. THEY *MUST* KNOW--



--FOR ALL OUR SAKES...



HEAR ME, POWERS E'ER ALL SEEING,
TOUCH THESE MORTALS OF THE EARTH!
MAKE THEM SHUN THE MYSTIC, FLEEING,
BUT STILL LET THEM KNOW THEIR WORTH!



THERE! WHEN THEY
AWAKEN, THEIR ORDEAL
WILL BE AS A FANTASY
TO THEM... A FOUL
FANTASY... BUT THE
LESSON LEARNED
WILL STAY WITH THEM.



WE'D BEST BE GONE WHEN THEY
REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.

DON'T BE
IN SUCH
A HURRY,
STEPHEN!
LOOK AT
THIS!

EH?
AT WHAT,
CLEA?



THERE'S SOME-
THING QUITE
STRIKING ABOUT
THE FACIAL HAIR
ON THIS FELLOW
DISCIPLE OF
TIM'S -- DON'T
YOU THINK?

WHAT?
CLEA...



...WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?

DIDN'T YOU
TELL ME THAT
YOU ONCE
WORE YOUR
MOUSTACHE
LONGER... IN
JUST SUCH
A FASHION?

YES, WHEN I FIRST BEGAN MY MYSTIC
STUDIES WITH THE ANCIENT ONE, WHY--?



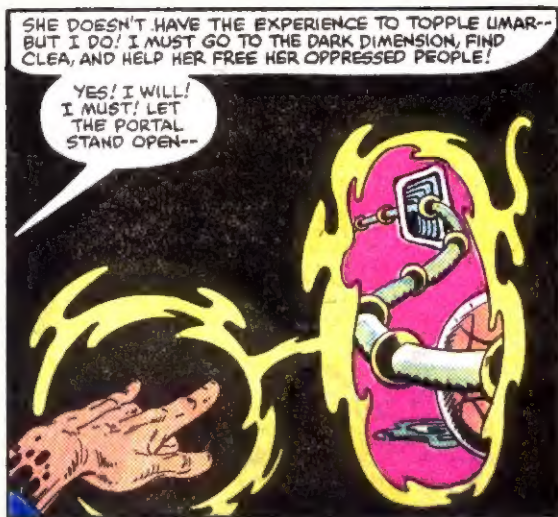
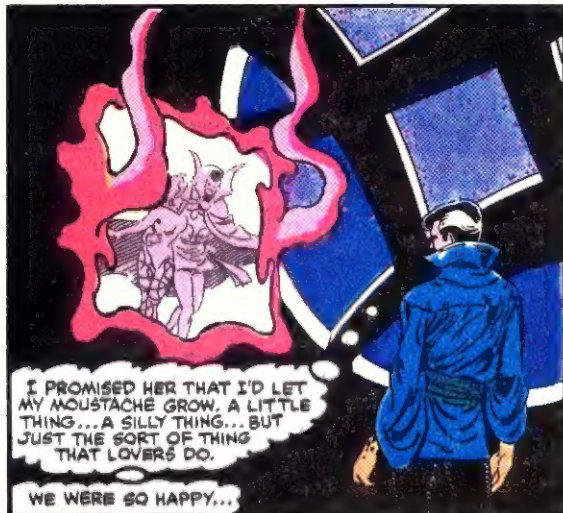
WOULD YOU GROW IT LONG
LIKE THAT AGAIN... FOR ME?

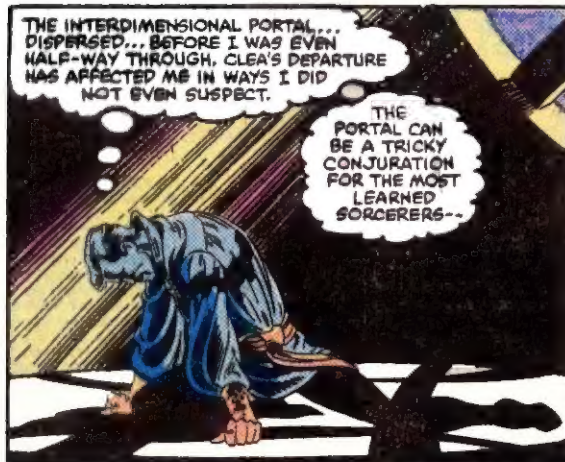
YOU WANT
ME TO--?/?



"AND THEN, THE SWEET LAUGHTER BEGAN ANEW!
THE THREAT WAS ENDED... THE DAY HAD BEEN WON!
THE SORCERER AND HIS APPRENTICE WERE NEEDED
NO LONGER.

"THE
LOVERS
COULD
RETURN."





THE INTERDIMENSIONAL PORTAL...
DISPERSED... BEFORE I WAS EVEN
HALF-WAY THROUGH, CLEA'S DEPARTURE
HAS AFFECTED ME IN WAYS I DID
NOT EVEN SUSPECT.

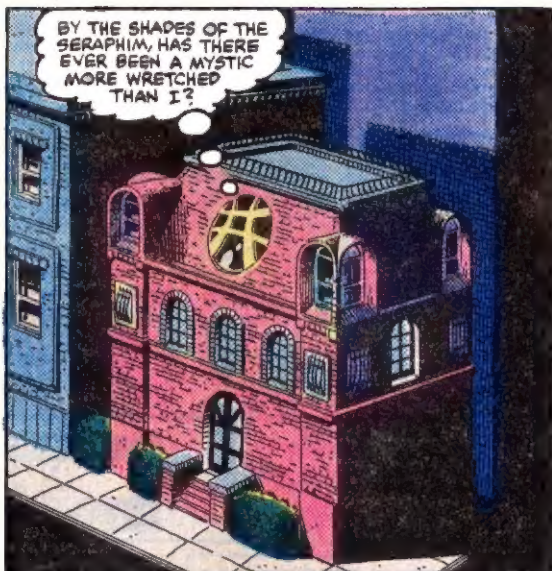
THE
PORTAL CAN
BE A TRICKY
CONJURATION
FOR THE MOST
LEARNED
SORCERERS--



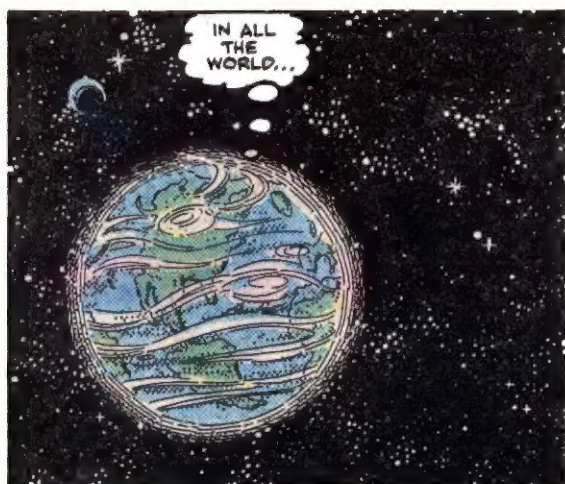
--AND IN MY
PRESENT
EMOTIONAL
STATE, I LACK
THE PROPER
CONCENTRATION
TO MAINTAIN
SUCH A SPELL.
AS AWFUL AS
THEY SEEM,
I MUST
FACE THE
FACTS.



UNLESS CLEA
CHANGES HER
MIND AND RETURNS,
I MAY NEVER SEE
HER AGAIN.



BY THE SHADES OF THE
SERAPHIM, HAS THERE
EVER BEEN A MYSTIC
MORE WRETCHED
THAN I?



IN ALL
THE
WORLD...



...IN ALL THE STARS...
I FEEL TOTALLY
ALONE!

NEXT ISSUE: DOCTOR STRANGE FACES DEATH, MADNESS AND UNREALITY IN
"TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST!"